Page is an Asse, a foole, a secure Asse,
Ile sooner trust an Irishman with my
Aquauita bottle, Sir *Hu* our Parson with my cheese,
A theefe to walke my ambling gelding, then my wife
With her selfe: then she plots, then she ruminates,
And what she thinks in her heart she may effect,
Shee'l breake her heart but she will effect it.
God be praised, God be praised for my iealousie:
Well, Ile go preuent him, the time drawes on,
Better an houre too soone, then a minute too late,
Gods my life, cuckold, cuckold. *Exit Ford.*

Enter the Doctor and his man.

Doct. *Iohn Rugby*, go look met your eyes ore de stal,
And spie and you can see the Parson.

Rug. Sir, I cannot tell whether he be there or no,
But I see a gteat many comming.

Doct. Bully moy, mon rapier *Iohn Rugby*, be-gar de
Herring be not so dead as I shall make him.

Enter Shallow, Page, Host, and Slender.

Page. God saue you M. Doctor *Cayus*.

Shal. How do you Master Doctor?

Ho. God blesse thee my bully doctor, God bles thee.

Doct. Vat be all you, Van to tree come for a?

Host. Bully to see thee fight, to see thee foine, to see thee trauerse, to see thee heere, to see thee there, to see thee passe the punto: the stocke, the reuerse, the distance, the montnce is a dead my francoyes? Is a dead my Ethiopian? Ha, what saies my gallon? my Escuolapis? Is a dead bullies taile, is a dead?

Doct.

Doct. Be-gar de preest be a coward Iacke knaue,
He dare not shew his face.

Host. Thou art a castallian King, Vrinall.
Hector of Greece my boy.

Shal. He hath shewne himselfe the wiser man, M. Doctor.
Sir *Hugh* is a Parson, and you a Physition. You must
Goe with me, M. Doctor. (water.

Host. Pardon bully Iustice. A word mounsir mock-

Doct. Mockwater, vat be dat?

Host. That is in our English tongue, Vallor bully, vallor.

Doct. Be-gar den I haue as mockuater as de Inglish, Iacke dog, knaue.

Host. He will claperclaw thee titely bully.

Doct. Claperclaw, vat be dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Doct. Begar I do looke he shall claperclaw me den,
And Ile prouoke him to do it, or let him wag:
And moreouer bully, but M. *Page* and M. *Shallow*,
And eke Caualera *Slender*, goe you all ouer the fields
to Frogmore.

Pa. Sir *Hugh* is there, is he?

Host. He is there; go see what humor he is in,
Ile bring the Doctor about by the fields;
Will it do well?

Shal. We will do it my Host. Farwell M. Doctor.

Exit all but the Host and Doctor.

Doct. Be-gar I will kill de cowardly Iack preest,
He is make a foole of moy.

Host. Let him die, but first sheath your impatience,

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